

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR JUNE, 1822.

No. 12.

NATIONAL GRAND LODGE.

CIRCULAR LETTER

Of the committee appointed by the Convocation of Masons held at Washington City, March 9, 1822.

The committee, in complying with the above resolutions,* are aware that a meeting of individual Masons, however respectable in number and character, could delegate no regular authority in behalf of the Masonic body; and, if they could, it was unnecessary. This paper will, therefore, be understood, as it is intended, a proceeding, originating in the necessity of the case, to adopt some mode by which the general views of Masons in the different states of the American Union may be ascertained.

The history of the Masonic Institution shows that, though established among various nations, it was, in each country, confined to a comparatively small number. The jurisdiction exercised by Grand Lodges, like almost every exertion of power or of moral influence, was concentrated in different capital cities. The subordinate Lodges were few in number and their connexion with the supreme head was very direct. Till within a recent period, it is believed, no great number of lodges have been united under a single jurisdiction. The art of printing and other causes have produced great changes in the condition of the world, and these causes have operated in their full proportion on the society of Freemasons. The sphere of civilization is greatly enlarging its boundaries: intellectual attainments, and the influence of moral operations, are taking the place of brute force: known principles and laws are recognized, and the

*See our last number, page 413.

advantages of cultivated reason are shared by an increased population of mankind. Under these circumstances Masonry has been extended, and its lodges so multiplied as to make their proper conduct a subject of much interest to the friends of the society.

There are two points which at once present themselves in connection with the idea of establishing a General Grand Lodge of the United States. The first is to acquire, in a correspondence with foreign nations, an elevated stand for the Masonry of this country; to unite with them in maintaining its general principles in their purity; and, secondly, to preserve, between our own states, that uniformity in work and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible, by other means.

The committee do not presume to instruct their brethren in the nature of an institution in which they have a common interest. They are governed by a few plain considerations known to all who have attended to the subject.

The antiquity of the Masonic society, extended so far beyond all other human associations, seizes the attention, and the mind is naturally impressed with feelings of interest for an institution transmitted to us through the long train of a hundred ages. Time, which destroys all perishable things, seems to have consolidated the pillars of this moral temple. We contemplate the long catalogue of excellent men who have been equally the supporters of Masonry and the ornaments of human nature; and, we say, almost unconsciously, that the present generation, with all its lights, must not tarnish the name of an institution consecrated by so many circumstances calculated to endear it to the mind of a good man.

Without making invidious comparisons between the United States and other portions of the world, there are some great considerations of responsibility, which our intelligent citizens, accustomed to reflect on the affairs of nations, cannot overlook. The Masons of the United States, in character as such, have their full share of this moral responsibility. They will consider their institution as one of the great social causes to allay low-minded jealousies between nations at peace; and in war to mitigate the horrors which it cannot avert. While they offer

their gratitude to a beneficent Providence for their own blessings, they will not be regardless of their obligations to their brethren through the world.

These reflections, drawn from the external circumstances of Masonry, are strengthened by the consideration of its intrinsic nature. Its foundation is fixed in the social feelings and the best principles of the human mind. Its maxims are the lessons of virtue reduced to practical application. It stands opposed to sordidness; to a jealous or revengeful temper; to all the selfish and malevolent passions: it coincides with the highest motives of patriotism, the most expanded philanthropy, and concentrates all its precepts in reverence to a divine Creator, and good will to man.

The United States are supposed to contain near 80,000 Freemasons. They are generally in the vigor of manhood, and capable of much active usefulness. Notwithstanding the abuses in some places by the admission of unworthy members, they are, as a body, above mediocrity in character and talent. It becomes an interesting question how the energies of this body can be best combined to give effect to the benevolent design of their association.

From causes which need no explanation, the Masonic jurisdiction in this country has taken its form from the political divisions. The modification which it has undergone, from the spirit of our civil institutions, has its benefits and its defects. Each of our state jurisdictions is supreme within itself. Whatever collisions may exist; whatever abuses; whatever departures from the correct standard, in principle or in rites; whatever injury to the common cause; there is no mode assigned to obviate the wrongs which it is the interest of all to prevent. There is no provision for a systematic interchange of Masonic intelligence. In one or two instances there are already two or more Grand Lodges in the same state, each claiming superior jurisdiction, and with no acknowledged boundaries between them. Will not these evils increase as our population becomes more dense, unless means be seasonably used to guard against them? Is the difference now prevailing between different states an evil which calls for remedy? Every good Mason must wish chiefly for the harmony of the general institution: for the society is so formed that no par-

ticular part, however meritorious by itself, can continue to prosper if the body at large is brought into disgrace. Is the Masonry of our country at present a great arch without a key-stone? Is it not in danger of falling? Are not many of the books which are published in the name of the Masonic institution, derogatory to its character and interest?

It is not the design of the committee to enter into arguments on this subject; nor to lay down their own opinions as a guide for those better able to judge; but to proceed to the only duty required of them to perform.

According to the preceding resolutions the committee are to submit the question whether it be expedient that a Grand Lodge of the United States be formed; and secondly, to request those Grand Lodges which approve that object, to appoint delegates to meet at Washington, on the second Monday of February next, to take such measures as may be deemed most proper for the organization of such General Grand Lodge.

It is requested that this letter may not be published in newspapers; but submitted to the several Grand Lodges, and distributed among Masons, as a subject concerning the affairs of their own body.

If the information furnished to the committee should render it expedient, perhaps another letter may be forwarded, giving a statement of such facts as may be interesting to be known, previous to a final decision on the course to be taken.

An answer is requested, with a free expression of opinion on the subject of this communication. Such answer may be directed to any member of the committee, or, in particular, to WILLIAM W. SEATON, Esq. Washington.

HENRY CLAY,
WILLIAM H. WINDER,
WILLIAM S. CARDELL,
JOEL ABBOT,
JOHN HOLMES,
HENRY BALDWIN,
JOHN H. EATON,
WILLIAM W. SEATON,
CHRISTOPHER RANKIN,
THOMAS R. ROSS,
H. G. BURTON.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Wythe Court House, Virginia,
Dec. 27. 1821, by Brother LEWIS AMOS.

If we enter the field of speculative conjecture, on the change that took place in Adam on his expulsion from the garden of Eden, from the deformity produced on the face of the world, we shall be led to conclude, that although not distorted in body, yet he was much darkened in his understanding; that confusion would usurp the throne of wisdom, and darkness cloud the day of his capacity. However this may be, we are not left to conjecture as to the great and dreadful consequences which took place in his posterity.

No doubt Adam retained all the strength of memory, a terrible portion of the punishment his disobedience had incurred, restoring to him perfect images and never-dying estimates of what he had lost, and thereby increasing the bitterness of what he had purchased.

Adam would necessarily teach to his family the sciences he had comprehended in Eden, and the knowledge he had gained of nature and her God.

It would seem from Gen. iv. chap. 16th verse, that the family of Can (who bore the seal of the curse) was given up to ignorance. We look back to our first parent as the original professor of the worship of the true God, to whom the religion and mysteries of nature were first revealed, and from whom all the wisdom of the world was in the beginning derived. Here we date our initiation into the first degree of Masonry. Here I cannot be explicit, my brethren, but we know that *the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.*

Oral tradition has faithfully transmitted to posterity through the annals of masonry, those inestimable lessons of truth and knowledge, taught by our first parent. To our great consolation I assert that the universal language is retained uncorrupted, notwithstanding the confusion of the plains of Shinar.

The revelation of God to Moses, gives the strongest evidence of the antiquity and purity of our institution. Moses was initiated in all the knowledge and wisdom of the Egyptians, together with the science and learning of the first ages in the East. He was also assisted by immediate revelation from God; he divest-

ed the worship of God of all its idolatrous mysteries and images, and communicated the Divine economy on two tables of stone, written with the finger of God. This writing, though unintelligible to the people, was fully comprehended by Moses, which he substantially details to them in the 20th and 24th chapters of Exodus. These tables were deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, by the express command of God, which brings me to the second degree in our order.

The Temple at Jerusalem owns the probation of Craftsmen. Here again we are furnished with additional evidence of the divine approbation of our institution. Our Grand Master Solomon, whose intimate connection with us, is known to every master mason, was selected by the almighty ruler of the heavens and the earth, to build a temple in honor of the true and living God. In the third chapter of 1st Kings, we find that this highly favored personage had the selection between riches and wisdom: that he chose wisdom as the divine bounty. God approved his choice and assured him he should excel in wisdom all men who had been before him or should come after him. I shall pass over many events in the building of this temple which was designed to contain the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, wherein the two tables of stone were deposited, and notice only a few prominent features in the execution of the work. Solomon's league with Hiram King of Tyre is detailed in that part of Holy Writ which notices or gives an account of this building: but his more intimate connection with us, is only known to master masons.

Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, gives us copies of the friendly epistles which passed between Solomon King of Israel and Hiram King of Tyre. These epistles, he says, were preserved amongst the records of the Jewish nation, in his day. He further tells us that Solomon sent to Hiram King of Tyre and brought thence an artificer whose name was Hiram. This man was skilful in all sorts of work, but his chief skill lay in working in gold and silver and brass; by whom were made all the mechanical works about the temple, according to the will of Solomon. This Hiram made two pillars which he set up at the entrance of the porch of the temple; one at the entrance at the right hand and called it Jachin, and the other at the left hand

and called it Boaz. At the building of this temple men of every order and degree were employed. There God himself clearly communicated with his workmen, instructed them and increased their architectural skill. But it will be necessary to notice these pillars a little further. These pillars were both ornamental and emblematical. Boaz being in its literal translation, *in thee is strength*; and Jachin, *it shall be established*. Or in other words they carried this import: *Oh Lord! thou art mighty, and thy power is established from everlasting to everlasting*: Or as Boaz was the father of David, *the house of David shall be established forever*. The express words of Nathan the prophet of the Lord to David, which you may find in the 2d Psalm, vii. chap. 12, 13, 16 verses, established this proposition incontestably. We ornament our entrance into our Lodges with those emblematical pillars, in commemoration of this great promise to the faithful. At the building of this Temple, such were the superior endowments of those holy, religious men, such their advancement in the knowledge of the craft, that the work was conducted with that degree of holy reverence, that even the noise of a tool or instrument was not permitted to disturb the sacred silence on Mount Moriah, sanctified by the presence of the Lord and his miraculous works. The building of this temple forms the second stage of the worship of God under the Jewish rites and ceremonies. It gives us also a prelude to the coming of our glorious Redeemer, as proclaimed in the holy Gospel. But my brethren, scenes took place in the building of the Temple which are no where recorded but in the annals of Masonry; scenes which it is unlawful for me to develop on the present occasion; scenes of which the world must remain ignorant * * * * Which brings me to the Master's Order. Here my brethren, my mind is drawn out in solemn but pleasing contemplations. Here again, I am restricted. I cannot be explicit. Here scenes sublime and interesting took place, which it is unlawful for me to utter, scenes no where recorded but in the Master Mason's Order. But every Master Mason retains a recollection of Mount Moriah, the Sprig of Cassia, and the raising of the dead.

In the 8th chapter of first Kings we find, when the Temple was finished, that Solomon at its dedication brought up the Ark

of the Covenant, containing the two tables delivered to Moses on Mount Horeb, and deposited it with all the sacred vessels of the tabernacle in the Temple, that he stood before the altar of the Lord, in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands and said, "O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above or on the earth beneath. O Lord my God, hearken to the cry and prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee. O Lord God, turn not away from the face of thine anointed." In the 9th chapter 1st Kings, we find that the Lord appeared unto Solomon and said unto him, "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there forever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." I request you will also read the 6th and 7th chapters of 2d Chronicles.

The pious order of men who had planned and built the Temple, borne down by the ravages of time, slept with their fathers. The worship of God under the Jewish rites had become clouded and obscured by the ceremonies of the neighboring heathen. The reverence and adoration due to the divinity, was buried in the filth and rubbish of the world. Religion sat mourning in sack-cloth and ashes, and morality was scattered as upon the four winds of heavens.

In order that mankind might be preserved from this deplorable state of darkness and destruction, and as the old law was dead and had become rottenness, a new doctrine and new precepts were wanting to give the key to Salvation, in the language of which we might touch the ear of an offended Deity, and bring forth hope for eternity. True religion was fled. Those who sought her through the wisdom of the ancients were not able to raise her. She eluded the grasp, and their polluted hands were stretched forth in vain for her restoration. Those who sought her by the old law were frustrated; for death had stepped in between and defiled the embrace; sin had beset her steps, and the vices of the world had overwhelmed her.

The Great and Almighty God, commiserating the condition of the fallen progeny of our first parent, sent his only son, who was innocence itself, into the world to teach the doctrine of salva-

tion by faith in his name; by whom man was raised from the death of sin to a life of righteousness; from the tomb of corruption to the chambers of hope; from the darkness of despair to the celestial beams of faith: and not only working for us this redemption but also making with us the covenant of regeneration, whence we are become the children of the divinity and inheritors of the realms of heaven.

We masons, describing the deplorable state of religion under the Jewish Laws, speak in figures. Her tomb was in the rubbish cast forth from the Temple and innocence wove its branches over her monument.

The master mason represents a man, under the christian doctrine, saved from the grave of iniquity and raised to the faith of salvation. As the great testimonial that we are raised from the state of corruption, we bear the Emblem of the Holy Trinity, as the insignia of our vows, and the origin of the Master's Order.

FROM THE MASONIC CHRONICLE.

THE ROYAL FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE following remarks on "The Royal Friendship Society of the United States of America," may not be uninteresting to your readers. With an intention to diffuse light and friendship to all mankind, I offer them for publication.

Yours,

S. *. W. *****

The Royal Friendship Society is similar to Masonry, though not so ancient, as it commenced with David the son of Jesse, and Jonathan the son of Saul; about the year of the world 2941, and 1063 before the Christian era; and our date stands thus "*Anno Amicitiae* 2385" (*Anno Domini* 1822) and that it has flourished in the old and new world cannot be denied. Like the Masonic Society, it has its secrets, words, signs, and grips, and probably ever had from its beginning.

That a secret it was kept, is true,

For "none but they the matter knew."*

*1 Samuel, 20 chap. 39 v.

It has lately been introduced into part of the state of New York, (by the Rev Jonathan Nichols, President of the Grand Royal Friendship Society of the United States of America,) and it flourishes in the state of Pennsylvania, and many of our sister states. To show that it flourished in the old world, I will quote a few lines from an English publication published many years since; a song, entitled, "The Progress of Masonry." It was probably not known by the name it now bears neither was Masonry known by its present name in ancient days.

"Next David and Jonathan a covenant made,†
By the son of great Saul he ne'er was betray'd;
And though strange, yet it's scriptural truth that I tell.
That the love of Saul's son did all woman's excel.‡
David's heart sore did ache this kind love to return,
When for Saul's seven sons the Lord's anger did burn;§
Then the sons of great Saul king David did take,
But spared Mephibosheth for Jonathan's sake.||

This fabric (Royal Friendship) is supported by four strong pillars, which are

"Love to God, good will to men,
"The Widow's Brother, and the Orphan's Friend." §§

The author above quoted says, at the close of his song—

"Our secret divine, which hath lain long conceal'd,
By a light from above unto me was reveal'd;
Surprised with the radiance with which it did shine,
I felt and confess'd it was something divine."

May this society flourish; may its "*choicest, ripest fruit*" be nourished and preserved by every true craftsman around the globe; may its worthy Royal Friends never stray from its ancient land marks, but always keep the front and right hand pillar in view, viz. "*Love to God*;" and may the others never be entirely invisible, is the prayer and good wish of a

ROYAL FRIEND.

N. B. I would further draw the attention of every Royal Friend to the sermon of "Brother Parker, B. A. preached before

†1 Samuel, 18 chap. 3 v. and 20 chap. 7 v.

‡1 Samuel, 20 chap. 41 v.

§2 Samuel, 21 chap. 6 v.

||2 Samuel, 9 chap. 7 v. and 21 chap. 7 v.

§§ 1 Samuel 20 chap. 42 v. Zechariah 7 chap. 10 v.

the Lodge of Harmony, No. 5 75," inserted in No. 12 of "The Star in the West; or, Masonic Chronicle "

Steuben County, N. Y June 24, A. A. 2382.



FROM THE BALTIMORE MORNING CHRONICLE.

MASONIC ODE.

Empires and kings have passed away,
Into oblivion's mine;
And tow'ring domes have felt decay,
Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,
With level, square, and line,
Has liv'd, its mystic light t' impart,
Since auld lang syne.

Behold the orient light arise,
With wisdom's ray divine;
'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,
In auld lang syne.

Behold the occidental chair,
Proclaims the day's decline—
Hiram of Tyre was seated there
In auld lang syne.

The *South* proclaims refreshments nigh,
High twelve 's the time to dine;
And *beauty* deck'd the southern sky,
In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here,
Was built by hand- divine,
Shall ever shine as bright and clear,
As in auld lang syne.

Then brethren, for the worthy *three*,
Let us a wreath entwine,
The three great heads of Masonry,
In auld lang syne.

Remembering oft that worthy one,
 With gratitude divine;
 The Tyrian youth—the widow's son,
 Of auld lang syne.

A WORKMAN OF THE TEMPLE.



ATTACK UPON MASONRY.

The following tissue of scurrility contains the most direct, bold, and unblushing attack upon our order, we have ever met with, in this country. It is in some respects, however, far better than the insidious assaults of less audacious foes. It speaks plainly, and we know how to meet it. We publish it for two reasons; first, because we deem it our duty to repel charges so unfounded and so monstrous; and secondly, because we consider it eminently calculated to stimulate the upright and zealous mason, to endeavor to preserve unspotted the purity of the order, both by guarding the portals of the Masonic Temple against the intrusion of unworthy applicants, and by maintaining a rigid discipline over the morals of those who have already gained admission. It may be proper to premise, that the writer of the following philippic is not satisfied with abusing Freemasonry: he is equally virulent against Theological Institutions, Education Societies, Bible Societies, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Missionaries of every denomination. He professes to be himself a Free Mason, and to give information from his personal knowledge.

"From my own experience and observation, I testify that we have no greater school for the promotion of licentiousness, libertinism and dissipation, than that which opens upon the nightly closings of many of the lodges. The inebriating glass is received at the lips of the weak and unwary under the full conviction, that the mantle of secrecy is to cover every act committed within the enclosure of the lodge. Songs of the most indecorous kind are chanted by the social wine-warmed brother, to the evident gratification of some of those, who, on other occasions, would appear covered with shame and confusion—but the impressions of secrecy divest those demoralizing scenes of their deformity, and familiarize the once innocent mind with obscene jokes, and intemperate characters. The "Grand Chaplain," a-

ware of the improprieties of the table, and the dignity of his profession, seldom if ever graces the "festive board" with his approbating presence. Were it not for those nightly orgies, Masonry would soon lose her charms, and our lodges their visitants.

Where can we find the religious Christian who passes the portals of a lodge, to participate in the disgusting forms and puerile ceremonials that there obtain? In my long intercourse with the fraternity, I have never observed the morals of an individual improved by any of their deeds; but am drawn to the irresistible fact that many, very many, have greatly deteriorated, and may date their departure from the paths of rectitude, at the reception of their masonic obligation; than which *none can be more opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ, and the universal spreading of his blessed gospel.* How often do we see their oath violated in the over-reaching of one another, in the destruction of their fortunes from endorsements given under its imposing sanctity; while on the other hand, from the natural tendency of the oath, we have every reason to believe, that the stream of equity is often obstructed in our courts of justice by that tie which may exist between the juror and plaintiff, or the defendant and juror as masons. Many of those otherwise inexplicable decisions of jurors can, no doubt, be traced to this reprehensible predilection. There certainly was never a more levelling, corrupting institution—it "unites men of sense, knowledge and worthy qualities," with those of weak intellects, uncultivated minds and disolute habits. How we are to know that the founders of the institution, "were men of unblemished life and conversation, and devoted to useful science, and the practice of benevolence, &c." I cannot tell, as the whole of our knowledge concerning it, is handed down by tradition, and is therefore as likely to be erroneous and exaggerated, as is the knowledge of Mahometans concerning their founder. To believe that by masonic means, "the arts and sciences, and above all the Holy Scriptures, and with them the knowledge and worship of the one God, have been in a good measure preserved amidst the general idolatry and ignorance of mankind during a long series of time." requires more credulity than falls to my portion. I cannot for a moment entertain the idea, that so polluted a channel would have ever been selected by infinite power, goodness and wisdom, to convey to us the writings of his inspired penmen, much less to instruct us in the all-important knowledge and worship of himself."

We know not the author of this unparalleled abuse. The publication is anonymous, and therefore the pretensions of its writer to personal knowledge and experience are entitled to no weight. We can only say, that if he has really found, as he asserts, the lodge with which he was acquainted, a school for the

promotion of licentiousness, libertinism, and dissipation, he has been remarkably unfortunate in the choice of his associates. We do not assert that no lodge can be so corrupt as he represents, although we confess we do not believe that any one is so. Every thing human is imperfect, and this writer *may* have been connected with a lodge composed of the dregs of the order. He may perhaps have found, even among masons, a sufficient number of licentious, dissipated libertines to form a lodge, and to pervert its sacred meetings to the gratification of a depraved and abandoned taste. He may perchance have found, among his congenial associates, some from whose polluting assemblies, not only the Grand Chaplain, but every discreet, orderly man, would retire in disgust. He has no right, however, to palm upon the world a description of the conduct of his unprincipled companions, as a fair representation of the tendency of masonry. If any such scenes as he has described have ever existed, they are instances of the gross and scandalous perversion of an institution, all whose principles and objects are directly the reverse. As well might the jealousies of rival sectaries, the infuriate zeal of blind devotees, the wars and bloodshed of the crusaders, the cruelties of the inquisition, and the illiberal spirit of persecution which has too often disgraced the church, be referred to as evidence of the nature and design of our holy religion. Masonry, like religion, is pure and noble, yet unfortunately the professed followers of both are sometimes hypocritical and depraved.

So far however as our own observation extends, (and we have visited Lodges in every part of the western country) we have found no colour for the above description. Men of licentious and dissipated habits never have found, in the precepts of our order, nor so far as we are aware in the practices of our Lodges, any apology for licentiousness, any encouragement to dissipation. That the forms and ceremonials of Masonry are either puerile or disgusting, we do not hesitate unequivocally to deny, and in support of that denial, we confidently appeal to the grave, respectable, and dignified characters of those who have passed through its various degrees, witnessed without disgust or fatigue its peculiar and appropriate rites, and sought with avidity the opportunity of gaining successive promotions.

But there are heavier charges brought against the order. We are told that the duties and obligations it imposes are "opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ, and the universal spreading of his blessed Gospel." This is a scandalous and unfounded libel—a gross and infamous falsehood. We can bear with patience an attack upon the practices of Masons, but we cannot calmly tolerate a slander upon the order. Masonry has no direct interference with any religion. It is of a date anterior to Christianity, and cannot therefore require a faith in its founder, but all its injunctions, instead of being "opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ," tend to confirm those precepts, and to enforce a strict compliance with them. Individual Masons no doubt there are, who are opposed to the spreading of the gospel, but such is not the tendency or spirit of Masonry.

We have no apology to offer for the misconduct of our erring brethren. We might indeed quote the language of our Saviour, and call for the man without sin to cast the first stone. But with all our disposition to draw the veil of charity over human frailties, we cannot be blind to the frauds and over-reachings which sometimes disgrace Freemasons. We protest however, against these being quoted to the injury of the institution. As it respects the assertions concerning juries, we presume no intelligent man will give credit to them. That any association, containing within its bosom some, at least, of the most upright and honorable men in the community, should have existed from time immemorial, is conclusive evidence that it does not enjoin any gross departure from the laws of civil society, or any direct violation of the injunctions of morality.

We hope the publication of this libellous article will have some good tendency. We hope it will stimulate Masons, who love and respect the order, to be more cautious in their deportment and to avoid every thing calculated, in the least, to bring discredit on the institution. The practice of introducing, unnecessarily, refreshment into our Lodges, we should be glad to see universally abandoned. We ought to be more rigid in our examination into the moral character and habits of those who seek initiation, and we ought to insist more strictly on exemplary conduct among the fraternity. Let our most upright and respecta-

ble brethren not shrink from responsibility, but take a lively interest, as they are bound to do, in the prosperity of the order, the judicious and correct management of its affairs, and the honorable conduct of its members. Then may we defy the assaults of envy and malignity, and exult in the untarnished reputation of our venerable institution.

FROM THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE JOURNAL.
MASONIC CELEBRATION.

The Corner Stone of the Masonic Hall, about to be erected in Columbia, S. C. was laid with Masonic honors on Tuesday morning, April 23, according to appointment.

The members of the Lodge and visiting brethren assembled at the Lodge Room at 10 o'clock, and having formed in procession, proceeded to the site for the building in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Tyler, with drawn sword.

Two Deacons, with staves.

Two Standards, (Faith and Hope.)

Entered Apprentices, two and two.

Fellow Crafts, two and two.

Master Masons, two and two.

The Bible, Square and Compass, on a crimson velvet cushion, carried by the Chaplain, supported by two Deacons with staves.

Four master masons bearing the Corner Stone.

Three master masons, bearing the Corn, Oil, and Wine.

Three master masons, bearing three candlesticks, emblematic of the three great lights of Masonry.

Two Standards, (Charity and Wisdom.)

Secretary and Treasurer, with their badges of office.

Senior and Junior Wardens with pillars.

Masters of Lodges, two and two.

Past Masters.

Past Grand, and Deputy Grand Masters.

Two Deacons, with staves

Two Standards, (Strength and Beauty.)

When they arrived at the site of the building, brother C. C. CLIFTON addressed the Throne and Brother CHAPMAN LEVY, W. M. acting as proxy to John S. Cogdell, Grand Master of South Carolina, assisted by brother HOWELL, Architect, and brother DYER, Master Mason, adjusted the Corner Stone in ancient Masonic form, with grand Masonic honors.

The possession then formed again and proceeded to the Presbyterian church, where brother LEVY delivered a luminous Oration suited to the occasion

We decline making any remarks on the Oration, as it has been requested by the unanimous vote of the Lodge for publication.

At the Church the following hymns were sung by a choir, assisted by Mr. Lewis and son, and other gentlemen amateurs.

FOR THE PLACE OF CEREMONY AT THE
BUILDING.

Almighty Father! God of Love!

Sacred eternal king of kings!

From thy celestial courts above,

Send beams of grace on seraphs' wings.

O, may they, gilt with light divine,

Shed on our hearts inspiring rays;

While bending at this sacred shrine,

We offer mystic songs of praise.

Faith! with divine and heav'nward eye,

Pointing to radiant realms of bliss,

Shed here thy sweet benignity,

And crown our works with happiness;

Hope! too, with bosom void of fear,

Still on thy steadfast anchor lean,

O, shed thy balmy influence here,

And fill our breasts with joy serene.

And thou, fair Charity! whose smile

Can bid the heart forget its woe,

Whose hand can misery's care beguile,

And kindness' sweetest boon bestow,

C 2.

Here shed thy sweet soul—soothing ray;
Soften our hearts, thou power divine!
Bid the warm gem of pity play,
With sparkling lustre on our shrine.

Thou, who art throned midst dazzling light,
And wrap'd in brilliant robes of gold,
Whose flaming locks of silv'ry white
Thy age and honor, both unfold,
Genius of Masonry! descend,
And guide our steps by thy strict law;
O, swiftly to our temple bend,
And fill our breasts with solemn awe.

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHURCH
CEREMONY.

Almighty Sire! our heavenly King,
Before whose sacred name we bend,
Accept the praises which we sing,
And to our humble prayers attend!

And as 'tis thine with open ear,
The suppliant voice of prayer to hear,
Grant thou, O Lord! this one request,
Let Masons be in blessing blest.

O give the craft from pole to pole,
The feeing heart, the pitying soul,
The gen'rous breast, the liberal hand,
Compassion's balm, and mercy's band.

With charity that pours around,
The wine and oil on misery's wound;
And heals the widow's, orphan's heart,
Deep pierc'd by sorrow's venom'd dart.

Inspire us with grace divine,
Thy sacred law our guide shall be;
To every good our heart incline,
From every evil keep us free.

Then to thy throne the craft shall raise,
One deathless song of grateful praise,
And Masons, men, in chorus join,
To hymn the power of love divine.

That love supreme, thy love, O God!
Which Heaven itself shall pour around,
Till light, life, peace, adorn the vale,
And angels, men, pronounce, all hail!

CLOSING HYMN, AT THE CHURCH.

Grand Architect! supreme! sublime!
Whose energetic word divine,
In thunder breath'd from glory's clime,
Gave light, and life, and bliss to be;
Where primal darkness walk'd the round,
Of wild confusion's void profound,
With wreaths of gloomy horror crown'd,
Till chaos heard a God's decree.

'Twas thine, O Lord! in strength to lay,
On wisdom's base, the sphere of day,
From whence the sun, with boundless ray,
On wings of flame triumphant soar'd,
While life, O God! at thy command,
Inform'd the dust of ev'ry land,
And bliss the gift of mercy's hand,
In twice ten thousand forms ador'd!

Hark! hark! what songs are these that sweep
Adown the vast, the eternal steep,
And die away amid the deep,

To you archangel's ken unknown?
These songs are those which seraphs sung,
On glory's hill, with flaming tongue,
When rapture round the empyrean rung,
And hail'd Creation's Corner-Stone!

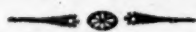
Accept, approve, and bless, we pray,
The work of this auspicious day,
On which as Masons, men, we lay,
A Corner Stone, inscrib'd to thee,
Thou Ancient of Eternal Days!
And high above the temple raise,
Devote to prayer, devote to praise;
And grant, O Lord, so mote it be!

After the service at the church, the company returned to the Lodge Room, were called off to refreshment, and proceeded in procession to the Ball Room, where they sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by brother Lyon for the occasion.

CHARACTER OF A FREEMASON.

The real freemason is eminently distinguished from the rest of mankind by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct. Other men are honest in fear of the punishments which the law might inflict; they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil, in the next world. A freemason would be just, if there were no written laws human or divine, except those which are written on his heart by the finger of his Creator. In every climate, under every system of religion, he is the same. He kneels before the universal throne of God in gratitude for the blessings he has received, and in humble solicitation for his future protection. He venerates the good men of all religions. He disturbs not the religion of his country, because the agitation of speculative opinions produces greater evils than the errors it is intended to remove. He restrains his passions, because they cannot be indulged without injuring his neighbour or himself. He gives no offence, because he does not choose to be offended. He contracts no debts which he is not certain that he can discharge, because he is honest upon principle. He never utters a falsehood, because it is cowardly, and infinitely beneath the dignity of a real free and accepted mason, which is the noblest character on earth.

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HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

"Le bon tems viendra"

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Although I had obtained permission to appear at the bar, it still seemed to me, that a little more reading would not injure me. Thus, however, I find is contrary to the modern course: *a modern attorney after taking Licence, reads no more.* I studied a few months longer, though I confess my mind was oppressed all the time. I felt, that I was outraging one of the rules of a profession which I had just joined: and purely to ease my conscience from this load of guilt, I threw up my books. The general election was near at hand, and a lawyer would rather engage in any thing than in the study of his client's cases, so he takes a large share in electioneering. I wrote volumes in favor of one candidate, and though a lawyer, I did right for I only endeavored to award to a meritorious and brave soldier, that which his skill and valour had won. We succeeded, though not without opposition. There were writers on the other side of the question, but their efforts were so feeble that

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notes and references, having been kindly furnished with all the most approved *Indexes*. My preparations were stupendous, not less so than these of the famous Attorney General of the United States (Mr. Lincoln,) who notwithstanding could only hem! and hah! and—sit down.

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I returned home proud of my success. The Rubicon was passed and I had entered Italy. It was high time I should make a permanent settlement. I fixed on a distant village, and having but few of the things of this world with which to burthen myself on my journey, I speedily arrived at my new abode without accident.

The capital stock of a modern attorney is not great. It consists in the following items, to wit:

Imprimis—1 Hired Office,
1 Small Table,
1 Chair,
2 Quills—1 inkstand,
Half quire of paper,
The Revised Laws of the State,
Moore's Index, and
Chitty's Pleadings;

Of all which I am the fortunate owner, and thus by sedulous attention, I hope in a few years to become a *Modern Attorney* of the first water.

You will have observed that I have made pretty free use of the Latin in this my history, interlarded with a little French, and but for what I have previously said you would think me an adept in those languages; I may with truth say that I am wholly ignorant of the rudiments of those tongues. But it is a *modern* fashion to seem to be very learned, and I have only aped my brother hood. A modern attorney, when speaking, will fret his brain to remember some Latin phrase in which to convey his meaning. I say "*to remember*," because, like me, he only knows them by rote, and the less he knows of the language, the greater freedom he exercises in the use of it.

"Chacun a son g'ut"

I am not a *modern* attorney from choice, but from necessity. Had I had the means and the time, I would have sought a knowledge of the law through all the various windings of its stream from its source to its utmost expansion, but I must yield to circumstances, contented with even my limited store and ever thankful to that true and valuable friend, who by his bounty enabled me to be whatever I am.

Without his *voluntary* aid, I should have foundered in the first stages of my voyage. But he stretched forth his hand, and

"Comfort came down, the wretched man to save."

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF GAUDENTIO DI LUCCA.

He was at Alexandria with a foreign merchant called *Pophar*, who had shown him great kindness. As they were walking about the public places they met the Bassa of Grand Cairo.

"His wife and daughter were then both along with him: the wife was one of the grand Signor's sisters, seemingly about thirty, and a wonderful fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world. When he perceived them, the *Pophar*, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept off, as if he were treating privately with some merchants. But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectable distance, at the Bassa's beautiful daughter, from no other motive but mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my

companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles that short interview was going to cost both the Pophar and myself, I should have chosen sooner to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and she did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the Pophar used to hire to carry his things: this was to inquire of them who we were. They, as appeared by the event, told them, I was a young slave lately bought by the Pophar. After a while, the Bassa with his train went away, and for my own part I thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the Pophar and we were walking in one of the public gardens, a little elderly man like an eunuch, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and addressing themselves to the Pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing at me, because the Bassa desired to buy him. The Pophar seemed to be more surprised at this unexpected question, than I ever observed him at any thing before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me. But soon coming to himself, as he was a man of a great presence of mind, he said very sedately that I was no slave; nor a person to be sold for any price, since I was as free as he was. They, taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately: adding, I was to be the companion of the Bassa's son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with him. The Pophar persisted in the same answer, and said he had no power over me: they insisted I had been bought as a slave but a short time ago, in the grand Signior's dominions, and they would have me. Here I interposed and answered briskly, that though I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life. The Bassa's son,

for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was, making the most solemn protestations by his holy Alcoran, that our lives and deaths should be inseparable. Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever felt within myself; yet, considering the obligations I had to the Pophar, I was resolved not to go, but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer. I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there was no hope. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I can't tell; but I observed he put on a languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I can't express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immovable as a statue. This seemed to revive his hopes; he recovered himself a little, and, with a trembling voice, replied, suppose it be the Bassa's daughter you saw yesterday, that desires to have you for her attendant, what do you say? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw his eyes swimming in tears, with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the Pophar, who I saw was trembling for me; and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to go back, discovered herself, and said I must go along with her, or one of us must die."

* * * * *

"I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian: that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it; that whether she concealed me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it was ten thousand to one, we should both be sacrificed: neither could the violence of such a sudden passion ever be concealed from the Bassa's spies. In a word I was resolved not to go; but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me, after a declaration of love, that exceeded the most romantic tales; youth, love, and beauty, and e-

ven an inclination on my side, pleaded her cause. But at length the consideration of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above all others. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own, and was just going to tell her on my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her; when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who also was a woman, and told her the Bassa was coming that way. She was roused out of her lethargy at this: the other woman, without any demur, snatched her away, as the Popbar did me."

Gaudenzio was well pleased on reflection that he had not complied with the wishes of this enchanting object, and the Popbar, thinking the affair might not end so, resolved to make off as fast as they could. They pretend to depart for Cyprus, instead of which they go that evening to Grand Cairo a little before sunset. After travelling about a league up the river Nile, they are passed by five or six men on horseback.

"I was the hindmost but one of our train, having staid to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these, came two ladies, riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigious rich furniture, by which I guessed them to be persons of quality, and the others gone before, their attendants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the younger of the two ladies' jennet began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and become so unruly, that I apprehended the lady could scarce sit him. At that instant, one of the dromedaries coming pretty near, that and the rustling of its loading, so frightened the jennet that he gave a bound all on the inside of us towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, where not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting him; but the violence of the leap, threw her off two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily there was a little island just by where she fell, and her clothes keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water: the stakes caught hold of her clothes, and held her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the nighest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance. I

Here shed thy sweet soul—soothing ray;
Soften our hearts, thou power divine!
Bid the warm gem of pity play,
With sparkling lustre on our shrine.

Thou, who art throned midst dazzling light,
And wrap'd in brilliant robes of gold,
Whose flaming locks of silv'ry white
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He was at Alexandria with a foreign merchant called *Pophar*, who had shown him great kindness. As they were walking about the public places they met the Bassa of Grand Cairo.

"His wife and daughter were then both along with him: the wife was one of the grand Signor's sisters, seemingly about thirty, and a wonderful fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world. When he perceived them, the *Pophar*, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept off, as if he were treating privately with some merchants. But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectable distance, at the Bassa's beautiful daughter, from no other motive but mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my

companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles that short interview was going to cost both the Pophar and myself, I should have chosen sooner to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and she did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the Pophar used to hire to carry his things: this was to inquire of them who we were. They, as appeared by the event, told them, I was a young slave lately bought by the Pophar. After a while, the Bassa with his train went away, and for my own part I thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the Pophar and we were walking in one of the public gardens, a little elderly man like an eunuch, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and addressing themselves to the Pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing at me, because the Bassa desired to buy him. The Pophar seemed to be more surprised at this unexpected question, than I ever observed him at anything before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me. But soon coming to himself, as he was a man of a great presence of mind, he said very sedately that I was no slave; nor a person to be sold for any price, since I was as free as he was. They, taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately: adding, I was to be the companion of the Bassa's son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with him. The Pophar persisted in the same answer, and said he had no power over me: they insisted I had been bought as a slave but a short time ago, in the grand Signior's dominions, and they would have me. Here I interposed and answered briskly, that though I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life. The Bassa's son,

for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was, making the most solemn protestations by his holy Alcoran, that our lives and deaths should be inseparable. Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever felt within myself; yet, considering the obligations I had to the Pophar, I was resolved not to go, but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer. I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there was no hope. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I can't tell; but I observed he put on a languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I can't express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immovable as a statue. This seemed to revive his hopes; he recovered himself a little, and, with a trembling voice, replied, suppose it be the Bassa's daughter you saw yesterday, that desires to have you for her attendant, what do you say? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw his eyes swimming in tears, with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the Pophar, who I saw was trembling for me; and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to go back, discovered herself, and said I must go along with her, or one of us must die."

* * * * *

"I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian: that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it; that whether she concealed me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it was ten thousand to one, we should both be sacrificed: neither could the violence of such a sudden passion ever be concealed from the Bassa's spies. In a word I was resolved not to go; but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me; after a declaration of love, that exceeded the most romantic tales; youth, love, and beauty, and e-

ven an inclination on my side, pleaded her cause. But at length the consideration of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above all others. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own, and was just going to tell her on my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her; when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who also was a woman, and told her the Bassa was coming that way. She was roused out of her lethargy at this: the other woman, without any demur, snatched her away, as the Popbar did me."

Gaudenzio was well pleased on reflection that he had not complied with the wishes of this enchanting object, and the Popbar, thinking the affair might not end so, resolved to make off as fast as they could. They pretend to depart for Cyprus, instead of which they go that evening to Grand Cairo a little before sunset. After travelling about a league up the river Nile, they are passed by five or six men on horseback.

"I was the hindmost but one of our train having staid to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these, came two ladies, riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigious rich furniture, by which I guessed them to be persons of quality, and the others, gone before, their attendants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the younger of the two ladies' jennet began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and become so unruly, that I apprehended the lady could scarce sit him. At that instant, one of the dromedaries coming pretty near, that and the rustling of its loading, so frightened the jennet that he gave a bound all on the inside of us towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, where not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting him; but the violence of the leap, threw her off two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily there was a little island just by where she fell, and her clothes keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water: the stakes caught hold of her clothes, and held her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the nighest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance. I

jumped off my dromedary with indignation, and throwing off my loose garment and sandals, swam to her, and with much difficulty getting hold of her hand, and loosing her garments from the stakes I made a shift to draw her across the stream till I brought her to land. She was quite senseless for some time; I held down her head, which I had not yet looked at, to make her disgorge the water she had swallowed; but I was soon struck with a double surprise, when I looked at her face, to find it was the Bassa's daughter, and to see her in that place, whom I thought I had left at Alexandria. After some time, she came to herself, and looking fixed on me a good while, her senses not being entirely recovered: at last she cried out, O Mahomet, must I owe my life to this man! and fainted away. The other lady who was her attendant, with a great deal of pains brought her to herself again; we raised her up, and endeavored to comfort her as well as we could. No, says she, throw me into the river once more; let me not be obliged to a barbarian for whom I have done too much already. I told her in the most respectful terms I could think of, that Providence had ordered it so, that I might make some recompense for the undeserved obligations she had laid on me; that I had too great value for her merit, ever to make her miserable, by loving a slave such as I was, a stranger, a Christian, and one who had indispensable obligations to act as I did. She startled a little at which I said; but after recollection answered, whether you are a slave, an infidel, or whatever you please, you are one of the most generous men in the world. I suppose your obligations are on account of some more happy woman than myself; but since I owe my life to you, I am resolved not to make you unhappy, any more than you do me. I not only pardon you, but am convinced my pretensions are unjust and against my own honour. She said this with an air becoming her quality. She was much more at ease, when I assured her I was engaged to no woman in the world; but that her memory should be ever dear to me, and imprinted in my heart till my last breath.

* * * * *

She pulled off this jewel, your reverences see on my finger, and just said, with tears trickling down her beautiful cheeks: take this, and adieu. She then pulled her companion away, and never looked at me more."

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

"No," said Maria, "Mr. Seagrove, I cannot submit to be catechised. If I were in company with a gentleman to whom you are a stranger, and I comport myself with what you may esteem too much levity, and with what you are pleased to style a too marked attention and complacency towards him, I do not conceive that I am bound to enter into any apologizing explanations. I have not yet surrendered the last remnant of my liberty, and transformed the humility of the lover into the haughty authority of the husband. When that is done, it will become me, no doubt, to be more circumspect."

"Maria," said Mr. Seagrove, hastily interrupted her, "this is all beside the purpose. When I have the testimony of my own eyes, when I have seen the behavior of which you must be conscious, when hanging on the arm of a stranger you gaze on me with a kind of vacant stare, if not a smile of contempt, am I, after all the affection I have expressed, and been permitted to express for you, to receive only evasive answers, and commonplace allusions to what is termed by the dissipated of both sexes the liberty of unmarried women, and the slavery of connubial life? Suffer me once more to repeat my question, and let me entreat you to give a positive and satisfactory answer. Who was the gentleman I saw with you last night at the play, and how long has the familiar intimacy, of which I saw such evident proofs, subsisted between you? Had you not gone away so hastily as you did, I should positively have put some similar plain questions, and much more abruptly, to him, notwithstanding his military dress."

Maria had many amiable and good qualities, but they were tinged with a grain or two of coquetry. The perplexity and agitation, therefore, which Mr. Seagrove manifested, she considered as a triumph of which she could not refuse the enjoyment. With an air of levity and high spirits, she rallied his solemn jealousy, as she termed it, and the seriousness with which he treated an affair so frivolous, still avoiding, and indeed at last, positively refusing to give any explanation of the circumstances that had given so much pain to her lover. She continued this behavior so long that Mr. Seagrove, deprived of all patience, left her at length with this farewell:

"Maria, you have taught me how little confidence is to be reposed in woman. I could never have imagined your real character to be what it now appears, frivolous and inconstant. I had at first flattered myself I had made some mistake, but your behaviour has convinced me that what I supposed I saw, was real; and as it is more than probable that you wish to dissolve your connexion with me, as it can be only an obstacle to that you have newly formed, be it from this moment dissolved; though my heart burst, I will tear you from it."

When her lover was gone, Maria began to reflect more coolly on her conduct in this silly affair, for such it may not improperly be termed. Mr. Seagrove was by no means disposed to the meanness of jealousy, and had at first intimated the impropriety of what he thought he had seen, in the mildest terms, and requested, if he had been mistaken, to be informed of the truth. Maria was not only conscious that it was a mistake, but immediately perceived in what manner the mistake had arisen, yet still she refused any explanation and even descended to play the coquette, and exult in the pain of a heart which she knew was affectionately devoted to her. Her good sense, however, now resumed its sway, and she was convinced that her behavior had been very reprehensible. She sought relief in tears, and passed a very anxious night, but not without indulging a hope, that Mr. Seagrove would soon return, notwithstanding his solemn adieu, and afford her an opportunity of giving him the explanation which she now regretted that she had so flippantly and so improperly withheld.

The next day, as Maria was walking pensively in the grounds near her father's house, she saw Mr. Seagrove advancing towards her, who when he came up to her, thus addressed her:

"Madam, I am about to remove from your sight a person whom you certainly can no longer wish to see. I have hastily made preparations for a journey to the continent, where I propose to travel several years, till time shall have eradicated from my heart a foolish but too ardent passion for a most lovely, but giddy and inconstant woman. May the change which has given me so much pain render you happy, though there is perhaps much more reason to expect that your natural levity will avenge me of my rival."

Maria heard him with much emotion. "O, George!" exclaimed she, giving him her hand, "I am convinced of my error and my folly. I have been guilty of giddiness and impropriety in my behavior towards you, but not of the inconstancy with which you charge me. The whole is a mistake, which I will now explain, and which ought to have been explained sooner. I have a sister who has been almost constantly, for the last three years, with an aunt of ours, who resides in a distant county. In her features and person she surprisingly resembles me. You had never seen her. She returned home a few days ago, with a young officer to whom she is to be married next week. It was her you saw at the play. She is now within; and if you will go into the house with me, you will immediately be sensible in what manner you were deceived."

Mr. Seagrove, with heart-felt pleasure, complied with Maria's request; her *mistake* was *rectified* to his entire satisfaction, and a complete and tender reconciliation took place, which was no more disturbed by either distrust or coquetry, till their final and happy union.

FEMALE PLEADING.

The Athenians had a law, that no woman should be permitted to plead her own cause. It had its origin from a case in which the celebrated Phryne was concerned. Afraid of trusting her defence to any hired advocate, she appeared in her own behalf; and such is said to have been the enchanting effect of her personal beauty on the judges, that contrary to evidence, they pronounced her guiltless.

In modern times, men have learnt to be less susceptible in themselves, and more just towards the sex; and since women must be prosecuted at times, we do not add to their comparative helplessness, by depriving them of any means of defence with which nature may have provided them.

The right of pleading for themselves in courts of justice, is one however of which females in modern times have rarely availed themselves; but there is one instance of recent occurrence which shows, that a woman may achieve for herself what

no male advocate could do (in all human probability,) and that not by the meretricious influence of personal charms, but by sound argument and common sense. The instance to which we allude is that of Miss Tucker, tried at Exeter assizes for a libel. The lady pleaded her own cause, and in a way so contrary to what the lawyers call practice (*their practice*) as greatly to excite the compassion of the judge, who more than once interfered to remind the fair pleader, how little she was speaking to the purpose, mixing with his admonitions an expression of regret that she had not entrusted her defence to some gentleman of the bar, who would have known how to conduct it! Miss T. (obstinate woman!) was not to be turned from her own way; she had nothing to gain by mere deference to the opinion of the judge; all she wanted, all she hoped for, and all she was striving for, was to gain her own cause. The judge (charitable in vain!) abandoned her to her fate; and when she had done "talking to no purpose," charged the jury in a sense by no means favorable to her acquittal. The jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*.

IMPROBABLE, YET TRUE.

In the reign of Charles the Second, a French refugee of the name of Du Moulin was tried for coining, and never perhaps was evidence from circumstances more conclusive of a man's guilt. It was proved beyond all doubt, that he had been often detected in uttering false gold; and that he had even made a practice of returning counterfeit coins to persons from whom he had received money, pretending that they were among the pieces which had been paid him. When the officers of justice went to arrest him and search his premises, they found a great number of counterfeit coins in a drawer by themselves; others packed along with good money in different parcels; some aqua regia, several files, a pair of moulds, and many other implements for coining.

Du Moulin solemnly denied the charge. The bad money, he said, "which was found in a heap, he had thrown together, because he could not trace the person from whom he had re-

ceived it; the other parcels of money he had kept separate, in order that he might know to whom to apply, should any of it prove bad; as to the implements of coining, he knew nothing of them, and could not possibly account for their being found where they were." A likely story truly! So thought the jury, and so whispered every person who heard it. Du Moulin was found guilty, and received sentence of death.

A few days before Du Moulin was to be executed, a person of the name of Williams, a seal engraver, met with his death by an accident; his wife miscarried from the fright; sensible she could not live, she sent for the wife of Du Moulin, and revealed to her that Williams her husband, had been one of four, whom she named, who had for many years lived by counterfeiting gold coin; that one of these persons had hired himself as a servant to Du Moulin; and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of very considerable sums of bad money, by opening his master's escreteire, and leaving the pieces there instead of an equal number of good ones which he took out." The wife of Williams appeared in agony of mind while she gave the account, and as soon as it was finished, fell into convulsions and expired.

The parties she had named were, on the information of Madame Du Moulin, instantly apprehended, and after a short time, one of them turned king's evidence. The one who had been servant to Du Moulin persisted in asserting his innocence, until some corroborating circumstances were produced so unexpected and decisive, that he burst into tears, and acknowledged his guilt. On being asked how the instruments for coining came into his master's escritoire? he replied "that when the officers came to apprehend his master, he was terrified lest they should be found in his (the servant's) possession, and hastened to his box in which they were deposited, opened the escritoire with his false key, and had just time to shut it before the officers entered the apartment."

De Moulin was of course pardoned, and the servant and his associates most deservedly suffered in his stead.

CRUEL SPORT.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, there was an insurrection in Cornwall on account of the alteration of the religion, and the county was placed under martial law, which in those times consisted simply in a provost marshal's going about, and hanging up whomsoever he pleased. Of the wanton manner in which Sir William Kingston, the provost marshal on this occasion, executed his commission, the following memorable instances are recorded.

One Boyer, mayor of Bodmin, had been among the rebels, not willingly but by compulsion. Kingston, without inquiry into the circumstances, sent him notice, that on a certain day he would come and dine with him. The major made, accordingly, great preparations for receiving the marshal, who failed not to come at the time appointed. A little before dinner, the marshal took the major aside, and whispered him in the ear, "That an execution must that day take place in the town, and that a gallows would require to be set up against the time the dinner should be done." The mayor promised that one should be ready without fail; and gave orders to that effect to his officers. Meanwhile a sumptuous dinner was served up, to which they sat down in the greatest good humour imaginable. The mayor spared no effort to please his guest, who seemed on his part as if he had never been more delighted. When the entertainment was over, the marshal taking the mayor by the hand, requested him to lead him to the place where the gallows was erected. They accordingly walked forth, hand and hand; and on reaching the spot, the marshal asked Boyer, "If he thought the gallows strong enough?" "O yes," answered the mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well, then," said the marshal, coolly, "get you up speedily, for it is provided for you." "Nay," rejoined the mayor, "surely you mean not as you speak?" "I'faith," said the marshal, "there is no other remedy; you have been a busy rebel, so get up instantly." And so, add the chroniclers, imitating in their style the brevity of the atrocious deed they record, "without respite or defence was the poor mayor of Bodmin hanged."

Near the same town there dwelt a miller, who had actually been very busily concerned in the rebellion. Dreading the ap-

proach of the marshal, he told a sturdy fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go for some time from home, and that he wished him to take charge of his concerns till his return; that some strangers would probably be inquiring after him, about an intended purchase of the mill; and in case they should, that he (the servant) should pass for the miller, and say nothing of his being from home. The servant readily consenting to all this, the miller took his leave. Not long after, a party of strangers made their appearance, as expected, at the mill; it was Kingston and his men. "Ho! there!" exclaimed Kingston "miller, come forth." The servant stepped out, and inquired what was his pleasure? "Are you the owner of this mill?" "Yes." "How long have you kept it?" "These three years." (the time his master had kept it.) "Aye, aye!" exclaimed Kingston, "the very rogue we want." He then commanded his men to lay hold on the fellow, and hang him on the next tree. On hearing this, the astonished servant instantly called out "That he was not the miller but the miller's man." "Nay, sir," said Kingston, "I must take you at your word. If thou bee'st the miller, thou art a busy knave; if thou art not, thou art a false lying knave; and howsoever, thou canst never do thy master better service than to hang for him." All the poor fellow's supplications were in vain; he was instantly despatched.



SINGULAR CLIENTS.

In the bishoprick of Autun, the rats had multiplied to such a degree, from about the year 1522 to 1530, as from the devastation they committed to cause an apprehension of famine. All human means appearing insufficient, the ecclesiastical judge of the diocese was petitioned to excommunicate them. But the sentence about to be hurled against them by the spiritual thunder, would not, it was imagined, be sufficiently efficacious, unless regular proceedings were instituted against the devoted objects of destruction.

The proctor accordingly lodged a formal complaint against the rats, and the judge ordered they should be summoned to appear before him. The period for their appearance having ex-

pired without the animals having presented themselves; the proctor obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the definite judgment should be proceeded in.

The judge deeming it but fair that the accused should be defended officially, named Barthelemi Chassanee their advocate.

Chassanee, sensible of the obprobrious light in which his singular clients were held, availed himself of many dilatory exceptions, in order to give time for prejudices to subside.

He at first maintained that the rats being dispersed among a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given them by the clergyman at the time of his sermon.

At the expiration of the considerable delay occasioned by this exception, he made an excuse for the new default of his parties by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lay in wait for them in all directions, &c.

When these evasive means were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. "Was there any thing more unjust than those general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the offspring for the guilt of the parents, which involved without distinction those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally rendered them incapable of crime," &c.

We are not informed what award was made by the judge. The president de Thou who relates the fact, only observes that Chassanee's reputation commenced from this cause, and that he afterwards rose to the chief offices of the magistracy.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGIL.

Messrs. Carey and Lea, Booksellers of Philadelphia, have received a copy of this work from London and have put the greater part of it to press. The scene of its story is laid in London during the reign of James I. and the novelist has embraced this opportunity of depicting both Scotch and English character. The first chapter opens with an account somewhat in

detail of a whimsical and self-opinioned mechanic, David Ramsay and his two apprentice boys, which serves to introduce us to some entirely novel peculiarities of character. The whole work will shortly be before the public and, if we may trust the editor of the *National Gazette* "will yield all the gratification, which is generally expected from every new exertion" of the extraordinary powers of its author.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

About the middle of the last century, the Rev. John Bisset was a popular preacher, and publisher of sermons, in Aberdeen, which rendered him an object of dislike, if not of envy, to some of his more indolent brethren. On one occasion, he had published a sermon, which appeared from the press on the day previous to a meeting of Presbytery. On his way to the ecclesiastical court, a waggish member called at a tobacconist's, bought a penny worth of snuff, and took a private opportunity of wrapping it in the title page of Mr. Bisset's newly-published sermon.—Every one knows, that it is the custom of the reverend brethren to dine together, when the business of the day is dispatch. After the removal of the cloth, some of the company began to talk of Mr. Bisset's sermon, complimenting him upon his indefatigable industry in publishing. Vanity is more or less, the besetting sin, or, to speak more gently, the foible of all authors, from the youthful poetaster, whose verses appear in an ephemeral newspaper, to the reverend divine, whose preface tells you that his sole motive for publishing is the instruction of the ignorant. It would therefore be exempting Mr. Bisset from the frailties of his species, to suppose that he was utterly unconscious of the dignity of authorship; it is even related, that he rather overstepped the modesty which should have attached to his cloth, affirming that his sermon was calculated to be eminently useful to the public. When the social glass had, by its circulation, produced hilarity and good humour, the facetious brother sent his snuff box round the table. Upon being told that it was empty, "I have a supply in my pocket," said he; "send the box hither." Having shaken the contents from the portentous paper, he affect-

ted to give it a hasty glance, and tossing it across the table, exclaimed, "Ah! Jonny, man, look at that!—This is a hasty death indeed! Scarcely ever saw the light! Came from the press only yesterday, and in the snuff-shop this morning!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!* However our reverend brother is right; you see that his publication is still useful." The mortification of the hapless author was such, that out of compassion, before parting, the jocosé brother informed him that the whole had its origin in a stroke of humour.

P O E T R Y .

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

A SUBLIME AND PATHETIC ODE TO HONOUR.

TELL me, proud honour! what art thou,
That patriot breasts for thee should glow,
And gallant warriors toil?
And lovely maids forget their bloom,
Wading through danger to the tomb,
If Glory be the spoil?

Did'st thou exist before the flood?
Or first with Nimrod feast on blood—
That warrior of renown?
Sat'st thou with Saul on Judah's throne,
Or gav'st to David's hand the stone
That brought the giant down?

Kings thou hast turn'd from royal cares,
To plunge them in unholy wars,
Of peace and health the grave;
And when they steep'd their hands in blood,
Triumphant near them thou hast stood;—
Then Honour, thou'rt a knave!

And like enough 'twas thou fill'd up,
For Socrates the fatal cup,—

A bumper to the brim!
Fell fiend! destruction is thy trade!
And yet our wisest bard has said,
Thou can'st not set a limb!

A pretty Jack'napes of a God!
That humbleth millions with a nod,
And nations can undo!
Thou can'st break bones but cannot mend!
Go ask some honest leech to lend
His aid to show thee how!

To Egypt did'st thou send great Boney,
That land of—all but milk and honey,
To conquer honest Bull?
Or did'st thou take him there to see,
That fools of great antiquity,
Had own'd thy magic rule?

Or did he go of his own mind,
Thy place of residence to find,
To beg some mighty boon?
Truly he made as good a guess,
As Hotspur, who thy throne would place
Up in "the pale fac'd moon!"

Italia! land of light and gloom!
Bright Honour's cradle and his tomb,
His sepulchre and throne!
There 's not a miscreant of Glory's cast,
From Romulus to Pope the last,
That has not made *thee* groan!

Honour hath done to thee no wrong,
Land of the soul-reducing song!
To make thee weep or moan;
Though millions of thy sons were slain,
Who would not barter mortal men,
For regiments of stone?